

## second-hand smoke by cupidintern

**Series:** [also on tumblr! \[20\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Addiction, First Kiss, M/M, Post-Season/Series 03, Smoking, but like not really? idk its cigarettes, horny! v horny, kissin n mackin n such, this has an. odd energy. not good or bad. just a heads up

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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## second-hand smoke

Billy doesn't really have a lot of like, *vices*, anymore. Mostly because any one of them could kill him. His lungs barely work, his liver's shot, and he's been strongly advised against any kind of 'mind altering substances' because no one knows how all the meds he has to take would react to that being thrown into the ring.

Mostly though, he misses smoking.

Probably because he's addicted and whatever, but that part was already getting better. Ish.

He really misses the feel of it. The series of motions, the warmth. How he'd feel like he could think better, or at least like all his strings weren't wound to breaking. He misses the smells like the one that clings still to his leather jacket- that he hasn't worn is as much time since he quit- he misses the relief. He doesn't get much relief from anything these days. Not from the constant body aches and migraines and how he still coughs enough that it stings sometimes.

But it's fine. He's fine not smoking. At least now he won't get lung cancer. Probably. Also there's that thing of how if you fall asleep with a smoke lit you could like burn to death in your sleep or whatever.

Billy doesn't have the luxury of risking incineration anymore.

Now most of Billy's comforts come from owning headphones, getting to wear actual clothes rather than sweatpants and hospital gowns, and seeing Steve.

Who maybe counts as a vice. Probably.

Steve's counted as a vice since Billy first saw him, more so after he apologized, and Steve started acting like he *liked* Billy around. Still acted like that, even after he un-died in July.

Steve was kind of Billy's only friend. Which was as ironic as it was fucked up.

Not that Steve had many friends to speak of himself. Just that Billy could actually get this close to Steve, and it still was not enough.

Billy always felt like he was pushing it, too.

He remembered the first time he begged Steve to smoke for him. Remembered how he actually said 'please' which made one of Steve's eyebrows shoot up because 'is this like a kink of yours or what' and 'no jackass i just can't so i want you to.'

Steve had started hanging out with Billy out of pity. Probably. Billy didn't actually know he just knew Steve was one of the only people that didn't treat Billy like he was made of glass.

Then they were hanging out all the time. Maybe because of a sort of, mutual recognition kind of thing.

But here they were on Steve's couch, Billy asking if Steve had any smokes and yeah he knows he's not allowed to smoke them himself he wants Steve to do it. Please.

Steve has this weird little smile on his lips. Maybe because it's got to be like, 2am and they're still up and watching TV and shooting the shit but.

"Okay." Steve shrugs, get up to go find a cigarette.

Billy listens, only a little sleepy, to Steve's soft footsteps as he leaves the room, comes back with- thank god- a pack of Reds and Billy's fucking saved but he's also a little crazed because Steve waves the carton a little and says "I think there's a light in that drawer if you wanna hand it to me-" "I wanna do it." Billy says, insistent, when Steve sits back down.

Steve blinks at him with those sleepy puppy eyes of his, smiles a bit more while saying "Ooookay." All slow like '*what are you up to, huh?*'

Billy doesn't know what he's up to really. He's a little too tired to think that far in advance. All he cares about is digging a lighter out of the coffee table drawer and holding to where Steve's leaned over the distance between them, cigarette paper pulling ever so subtly at the skin of his lips, waiting for Billy to light.

Billy does.

He watches Steve inhale. How his cheeks hollow a little, makes the cherry match the brightness of the TV, how the glow of the TV makes Steve's cheek bones look like harsh lines under those soft eyes. He catches his end of the cigarette with practiced fingers to pull away from his mouth. Billy feels like he sees the whole thing in slow motion.

He exhales when Steve does, even though Steve turns his head a little, the smoke blows away from Billy.

"This doing it for you, weirdo?" Steve laughs a little, Billy realizes how close they are, how intently he's been staring.

"You try quitting cold turkey." Is Billy's comeback.

"No thanks." Steve says, only half genuine. "I like my bad habits. Only got a couple." He takes another drag. A shortish one. And when a couple seconds ago this was helping, suddenly it's not nearly enough. Steve's not pulling hard enough. And he keeps blowing the smoke away from Billy, like the polite son of a gun he is, which means Billy can only sort of smell it- the scent that takes him back to before he was a corpse, before he spent all his time at doctors appointments- a time when the guy crowned in smoke before him was all he fucking thought about.

If Billy wanted to try to think why he was doing this, he wouldn't like the answer.

Steve's fingers looked so natural, parted so gracefully Billy didn't even really realize he was touching them until he already had, letting his own finger's slide up the back of Steve's hand, over his knuckles, to pluck the cigarette from between his slender pale fingers into Billy's own.

Steve watches Billy do it, makes no move to stop him. In fact, when Billy lifts his hand, Steve leans forward to smoke from it without even being asked.

Billy watches, the same process of the bright cherry, hollow cheeks,

Steve's eyes lower to track Billy's hand, his eyelashes dark against his skin. Steve's face is warm where Billy's hand touches it.

Steve doesn't exhale fully this time, just drops his mouth open a little like you do for blowing smoke rings and lets the smoke drift out of it. Billy watches as the opaqueness dissipates- he can see the pink of Steve's tongue.

Steve's eyes flick up to look into Billy's, then immediately away again.

Billy realizes their legs are touching. It's so late, nothing real can even happen at 2am.

"Did I ever tell you how much I like it when you come over?" Steve says, low, not making any effort to pull his eyes up again.

Billy's so close. Closer than he's been to anyone in a while in terms of physical distance. In any terms really.

Steve's breath smells like smoke.

That's probably why Billy kisses him.

But to be fair, he only leans in to breathe Steve's air, from right in front of his lips, and it's Steve that kisses him.

Tips his chin forward so he can get to Billy's bottom lip, and then it's an honest to god kiss, and Billy can taste his favorite Marlboro Reds on this pretty boy's lips- that's enough. That scratches the goddamn unscratchable itch.

Billy feels like whatever he thinks he needs. Or wants. Steve anticipates it.

And what now?

"Still seems like a kink." Steve mumbles, smile fighting for a right to occupy his expression.

"Shut up, man." Billy feels his face going red, however unreal 2am is.

“Make me.”

The cigarette- which ends up lying half smoked in an ashtray- burns itself out. There'd be others.